

CHARIVARIA.

MUCH amusement has been caused in Socialist circles by a credulous foreigner named Kossuth, who declares that he still believes in the greatness of our country.

The various nations are becoming very touchy. The Japanese have long objected to being called Japs, and the Germans to the abbreviation Germs, and now the Cubans do not like being referred to as Cubs.

Professor ASHLEY, of Birmingham, proposes that in every great city there shall be a University providing a commercial training, and that "Bachelors of Commerce" shall be one of the degrees. The initials B.C. would, however, in our opinion, be somewhat unfortunate. They might be taken to indicate that the possessor was Behind the Continent.

The annual return of articles purchased abroad by the Government shows that the Prisons Department bought American bacon to the extent of £2,703. A statement of this sort will do more to keep people out of prison than any number of Acts of Parliament.

The *Daily Mail* correspondence on the subject of "Cross-Channel Delays" has closed without having elicited, curiously enough, a single letter of complaint from Messrs. BURGESS & Co.

Miss PHYLLIS DARE apparently sympathises with Miss EDNA MAY. She is, we read, taking her part.

The statement that the LORD CHANCELLOR is to deliver an address at Glasgow on "How to Keep His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Sea" has caused the liveliest satisfaction in those neigh-

bourhoods where the ocean is making inroads on the coast.

During the performance of *Tristram and Isolt* one night last week a cat strolled on to the stage, and had a look round. Apparently she had come there under a misapprehension to see whether the play was enough to make a cat laugh. On being told that this was not *Amasis*, the comic cat-opera, she withdrew.

men whose faces, when they are angry, get more and more rosy.

"The KING," said a stop-press telegram in *The Liverpool Echo*, "passed through Ballater this afternoon on her way to Balmoral." This is surely carrying the Gaelic idiom somewhat far.

Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, speaking at Llanelli, predicted an attack by the Govern-

ment on the House of Lords, but intimated that it would not be totally abolished for some time to come. An illuminated address of thanks, to be signed by all the members of the Upper House, is, we believe, in preparation.

"Motor-trains to fight Trams," is the alarmist heading of a paragraph in a contemporary.

It is proposed, by increasing the number of its members, to make the L.C.C. as large as it thinks it is.

To avoid running over a dog on Blackpool promenade last Saturday, a gentleman caused his motor-car to swerve suddenly and the occupants were thrown out. The dog proceeded on his way without a word of thanks.

A Hooter?

"TENOR Voice Wanted for Church Choir at Whitminster; could be employed in the garden."

Gloucester Citizen.

WE trust that this refers to the tenor-part in *Roméo et Juliette*; but of course it might be that the voice was wanted in the garden just for scaring cats.

An Offer to Patriots.

FOR HIRE.—Frock Coat, Top Hat, Kid Gloves, Swagger Cane, Imitation Gold Watch Chain, &c. Complete outfit for any gentleman who wishes to appear *à la mode* on the day of Lord SELBORNE's visit to Middelburg.—*Middelburg Observer*.



A MOTORIST WISHES TO POINT OUT THE VERY GRAVE DANGER THIS BALLOON-SCORCHING MAY BECOME, AND SUGGESTS A SPEED LIMIT BE MADE BEFORE THINGS GO TOO FAR.

Some busybody has been calling attention to the neglect of the concertina, and a revival of the popularity of this instrument is threatened. On the other hand we have the joyous tidings that the new Gaiety production comprises no tune which is likely to be whistled in the streets.

"There is nothing so absolutely ruinous to the complexion as irritability," says *The Throne*. We cannot agree with this. We know several old gentle-

THE SECRET OF SANITY.

[Lord ROSEBURY attributes the growth of insanity to the restlessness of modern life, and advocates as a remedy the cultivation of home and the domestic joys. In the following verses he is supposed to be addressed by one of his peers—a millionaire.]

My Lord, you lately let us know
That British wits are on the wane,
Hinting at reasons why we grow
Each decade more and more insane;
And I have thought you might
Be glad to know that you have got the answer right.

Not Drink alone has wrought this ill,
Or why should Mr. ASQUITH mope
Over the nation's liquor-bill,
And nurse inside the secret hope
That such as you and I
May, ere the 5th of April, be induced to die?

Rather the cause is vague unrest,
The constant itch for change of air,
The pitifully feverish quest
Of things that are not here, but there,
The quaint, the quite absurd
Passion, on everybody's part, to be a bird.

And you, my Lord, have rightly shown
(Speaking, as usual, like a book)
How, if we never quit our own
Peculiar hearth or ingle-nook,
This habit does a lot
Towards minimising any risk of mental rot.

That is your rule, and that is mine;
We both have learned the simple life;
On principle we both decline
The noisy stir of modern strife;
No man could point to us
As tearing round upon a motor-bike or -bus!

Prizes to which those others press
Whose ruder minds prefer to mix
In roaring commerce or the stress
Of vulgar party politics—
We two can well afford
To be content without them, can we not, my Lord?

The gifts bestowed by Fortune's hand,
Such as they are, for us suffice;
We do not course by sea and land
Nosing each new exotic spice;
We do not need to roam;
We merely move about from home to happy home.

A modest house in Grosvenor Place,
A park, a moor, a hunting-box,
Some decent villas, just a brace,
By Monte's blue, on Capri's rocks—
With these for homely haunts,
I, like yourself, revolt from jumpy outside jaunts.

Yes, you and I, my Lord, have found
The golden key to perfect calm,
And, while the Race gets over-wound
For want of this domestic balm,
Our nerves are never racked;
We still contrive to keep our temperate brains intact.

O. S.

The Faking of Antiquities.

"Six years ago," says *The Northern Scot*, "there was erected in Rothes a fine commodious church." Since then, "the congregation have been endeavouring to wipe off the date."

THE MILAN EXHIBITION.

It is principally of railways and means of communication. But search will be made in vain for the Pavilion of Truth (*Padiglione della Verità*), with special exhibits of the Italian State Railways. There are miles of locomotives and carriages from various countries, but this modest, almost shamefaced, little collection is not with them. Yet it should be somewhere, for it contains, among others, the following paintings, diagrams, models and photographs:—

Model.—Interior of a first-class compartment, to seat eight, containing one thin, small *Eccellenza* (travelling with a Senator's free pass and entitled by the *regolamenti* to a reserved compartment) and one thin, small umbrella.

Model.—Interior of a second-class compartment, to seat ten, containing four thickly-clothed passengers of the third-class, eight stout ones of the second, and eleven, carrying coats, cloaks and mantles, of the first; three dogs, a parrot, two babies, twenty-three umbrellas, seven boxes, thirteen bags and forty-one smaller packages.

Photograph.—Two locomotives, apparently a second-hand purchase from the Republic of San Domingo, for the expresses between Milan and Rome.

Photograph.—A train of seventeen coal-trucks lost somewhere between Domodossola and Reggio di Calabria. The Department of Railways will give a handsome reward for the discovery of this train.

Model.—A solid trunk to be sent off by goods-train.

Model.—The same trunk, eight months later, on arrival at destination twenty-three miles away, completely smashed and half empty.

Painting.—Five hundred German tourists waiting at Taormina station, an edifice constructed many years ago to suit the original local requirements of about three passengers daily. Clouds of dust, in which the Germans have driven down the long, shadeless road. Supply of beer in the refreshment shed, four small bottles.

Painting.—Seventy American tourists, pale and fatigued in appearance, trying to sit on the two benches on the platform at Florence, while waiting for the *direttissimo*, nineteen hours late.

Photograph.—A foreign tourist, when the train has started, counting the number of leaden *lire* given him with his change.

Photograph.—The floors of an Italian railway station being washed owing to an accident, for which no one can be blamed, caused by a sudden flood.

Painting.—An English tourist, with his family, registering his luggage, secured by the official lead seals of the Government, at a railway station. The Englishman is pointing out to his family the advantages of this system over the English haphazard methods, especially as the receipt given him makes the Italian Government itself responsible.

Model.—Interior of the luggage-van. The Englishman's luggage is lying about, every box and bag having been opened with skeleton keys. The thieves are selecting what they fancy. Fresh official lead seals are ready to be put on afterwards.

Painting.—The Englishman and his family opening their luggage at the hotel.

Photograph.—The Englishman, on arrival at the British Consulate.

Painting.—The Englishman, receiving eighteen months later a refusal of redress from the Department of Railways, and putting the case in the hands of an *avvocato*.

Painting.—Seventeen years later. The commencement of the Englishman's lawsuit.

Painting.—Thirty-two years later. The conclusion of the law-suit. Verdict for the State Railways, with costs against the executors of the Englishman's grandson.



A REALLY INDEPENDENT PARTY.

MR. KEIR HARDIE, M.P. (*quoting popular ballad*). "CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TO-NIGHT!"

THE BELL, M.P. "I BEG YOUR PARDON. CURFEW SHALL RING TO-NIGHT!"

MR. KEIR HARDIE. "MY MISTAKE." (*Drops off.*)

[An attempt has been made by the Independent Labour Party to coerce Mr. BELL. For the present this attempt has failed.]



A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION OF A DANCER

THE DANCER IS SHOWN IN A DYNAMIC POSE, WITH A LARGE, ORNATE FEATHERED HEADDRESS. THE BACKGROUND IS STYLIZED, WITH RADIATING LINES. THE IMAGE IS FRAMED BY A SIMPLE BORDER.



Dick (looking at picture-book). "I WONDER WHAT THE NOAHS DID WITH THEMSELVES ALL DAY LONG IN THE ARK?"

Mabel. "FISHED, I SHOULD THINK."

Bobbie. "THEY DIDN'T FISH FOR LONG."

Dick and Mabel. "WHY NOT?"

Bobbie. "WELL, YOU SEE, THERE WERE ONLY TWO WORMS!"

PSYCHIC SURGERY.

[At a Congress at Stuttgart Professor GARRÉ recently described several cases in which the organs of certain persons had been transplanted into other bodies with astonishing results.]

NAE lad wi' sic a drouth on him had ever yet been born
As FINLAY MCKINLAY, the piper o' Kinghorn.
Gin there was ony funeral or dance or sic-like thing,
He gaed there an' played there lament or Hieland fling;
An' nane could tell—no' Fin himsel'—if joy or grief was worst
Tae mak' him lang for somethin' strang an' raise his muckle
thirst.

In vain the parson preached till him. "O Fin," said he,
"gie oop!"

Ca' canny, my mannie! There's deith in yonder coop."
Fin only lauched an' shook his heid, an' "Meenister," says he,
"I'll gaily dee daily for sake o' barley bree."
Puir thirsty soul, he cudna thole to pass the "Harbour Bar,"
Or if he did, nex' step he slid intil the "Mornin' Star."

But ae fine day MCKINLAY woke no feelin' vera weel;
The fellow was yellow as ony orange peel.
He cudna sleep, he cudna rise, his soul was feared, for ou!
The ceilin' was reelin', the vera bed seemed fou'.
The doctor ca'd, an' hum'd an' ha'd, and turned him roun' an'
roun',
Then sent the chiel to some cute deil in Edinburgh toun.

O, wha can tell the mairvels o' oor surgeons? Wha can say
The hunners o' wunners they're workin' ilka day?
They open patients oop for alteration an' repair,
Renewin' each ruin wi' bits they hae to spare.
So they began on Fin, puir man! An' sure as eggs are eggs,
They then an' there fixed on a pair o' braw teetottle legs.

Noo Fin is back amang us an' the legs appear a'richt.
But eh, Sirs! I'm wae, Sirs, for yon puir laddie's plicht!
He's just as dry as ever, but as sune as he wad hae
A drappie, puir chappie! thae legs o' his say "Nay."
They winna win intil an inn: they whisk him past the "Star,"
An', though he eyes the door an' sighs, they winna cross the
"Bar."

Another operation will be needed, it is plain,
Ere FINLAY MCKINLAY kenns ony peace again.
To get him self-conseistent they will either hae to mak'
His throttle teetottle, or pit his auld legs back;
For surely nane can stand the strain that racks the soul o' Fin
Ilk time that he may chance to see a crouse an' canty inn.

Quack, quack!

THE GERMAN KAISER is said to keep an album for inaccurate newspaper statements about himself. He calls it *La mare aux canards*. For the benefit of its less cultured readers a Radical contemporary translates this as "mare-pond." We could disclose the name of this paper: but wild drakes shall not drag it from us.

Rouen.—French family (diplômée) receives boarders. Good opportunities for learning French. Home life. References . . . Ci joint un mandat de 3 francs 75.—Advt. in "T. P.'s Weekly."

SOME unscrupulous person had detached this money-order from our copy of the paper.

The Standard reports Father VAUGHAN as having discussed, with one of its representatives, the question of changing our public-houses "into the form of the German bear-garden." Certainly, to judge from a recent escapade at the Zoo, we have not yet perfected the English bear-garden.

HOW TO SELECT A HUSBAND.

FIRST AID TO THE PERPLEXED.

UNTIL we had read the current number of *The Young Woman*, with Professor JAMES WEBB's luminous notes on phrenology for marriageable maids, we had not considered the subject seriously; but so much impressed were we by that article that we called in the assistance of Professor WALTER CRANIUM to do an equal service to readers of *Punch*.

Heads, says the Professor very sagely, are of different sizes. This is a point which cannot be too strenuously insisted on. Some are abnormally large, either by nature, like Mr. GLAISTONE'S, or owing to artificial aggrandisement. Mr. BOURCHIER'S, for example, is said to be immense. Others are merely big or middle-sized. Others, again, are quite small, even to freakishness, as recent visitors to the Hippodrome know. Bishops have large heads. Hence their hats are seldom taken by mistake by lay members of the club which they chiefly frequent. As an extra precaution, however, they adopt hats of a peculiar shape. Lay members of that institution, on the other hand, protest that this shows a want of confidence on the part of the episcopacy, and threaten to retaliate by adopting in self-defence a non-clerical form of umbrella.

Large heads make the best husbands. Had I daughters of my own I should say to them, Marry large heads. The sizes of men's hats are $6\frac{1}{2}$ and $6\frac{3}{4}$ generally. "Sevens" hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of our colleges generally wear $7\frac{1}{4}$ to 8 sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes $6\frac{1}{2}$ and smaller, or being less than 21 inches in circumference, can never be powerful. Between 19 and 20 inches in circumference heads are invariably very weak, and no lady should think of marrying a man with a head less than 20 inches in circumference. Had I daughters of my own I should marry them to Aberdonians. The first question that the parent of a young woman should put to the suitor for her hand is not "Where did you get that hat?" but "What is the size of your hat?" Much is said about heart in love-affairs; the hat is more important. Show me a big hat and I will show you a serviceable enough heart.

So much for the line of least resistance in choosing a husband. That all large-headed men are safe may be taken as roughly true. Now for warnings. Young ladies should look twice before marrying, nay thrice, at heads culminating in a Gothic arch (see fig. 8). They will thus escape the risk of an early and possibly painful death. Archness is an attractive quality in women, but the Gothic variety in men is fraught with sinister possibilities. There are of course exceptions, such as Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, who is above suspicion.

The pyramid-shaped head (fig. 3)

wide. The wider head will provide energy, aggressiveness and perseverance; the narrower head unselfishness and forgiveness.

While a head with a noble dome-shaped crown inspires confidence, the Norman arch (fig. 4) is not always conducive to a happy *ménage*, betraying a deficient sense of justice and an oppressive self-esteem in its possessor. It is by no idle chance that "Norman" rhymes to "Mormon." As the poet sings:

Small heads are worse with coronets

And Norman skulls have Mormon blood—

surely a terrible indictment of the House of Lords!

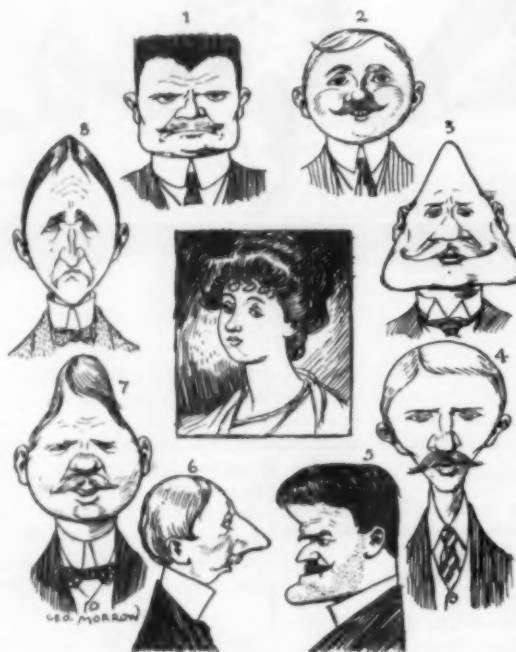
As a suitor the square-headed man (fig. 1) is best kept at arm's-length. Although his powerful osseous physique indicates health and longevity, evidences of geniality, fondness for animals and the capacity to amass a handsome income are lamentably lacking. It is impossible, for instance, to think of Mr. HALL CAINE with a quadrangular head, admirable though he may be both as man and dramatist in all other directions.

The teaching of history, again, renders it impossible for the aspirant of matrimonial honours to take a roseate view of the pear-shaped head (fig. 7). As Mr. JOHN MORLEY has remarked in one of those rare flashes of facetiousness which enliven his otherwise neutral-tinted prose, the woman who marries a man with a pear-shaped head is sure to be unappetely mated.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, it may be remembered, was the most perfect specimen of the humanized pear, and he was pushed from his throne. DUMAS père rarely paid his bills.

By a natural transition we are led to consider the claims of the circular head (fig. 2). Negatively, the absence of all angles and irregularities ensures immunity from all eccentricity and vice. But this blamelessness can be purchased only at a loss of all individuality. None but a young lady with a double dose of originality can afford to contract a matrimonial alliance with a man with a head like a billiard ball. It was the untamed virtue of the Roundheads (who were also square-toes) that led to the extravagances and excesses of the Restoration. There are occasions of course when even a square head can go round, but we are not referring to those.

There remain two further sharply-



TYPES OF HEADS TO BE AVOIDED BY ELIGIBLE SPINSTER.

1. The Square. 2. The Circular. 3. The Pyramid.
4. The Norman. 5. The Concave or Beetling. 6. The Convex.
7. The Pear-shaped. 8. The Gothic.

should also be regarded narrowly, as indicating a three-cornered and tyrannical disposition. No self-respecting suffragette would ever care to link her lot with a Rameses or a Cheops. To marry such a person would be to attempt to make a bosom friend of an unscrupulous satrap. A pointed head has, however, its uses, especially at Rugby football, where a forward thus endowed may easily penetrate through the pack towards the enemy's goal by sheer force of using the thin end of the wedge. Still, an enterprising Rugby forward does not necessarily make the perfect husband.

Spinsters with heads six inches wide should marry husbands with meeker dispositions, with heads less than six inches

contrasted types of cranial development. In the first a complete absence of chin is coupled with an adventurous nose and a receding forehead (fig. 6). In the second a bulbous and overhanging brow is balanced by a protruding lower lip and chin (fig. 5). Well-educated, modest and sensitive young ladies are equally to be warned against each of these types. The former is incapable of wearing a tall hat at a dignified angle unless provided with a Chirgwin attachment for tilting it forward; the latter is obviously unsuitable for home life. Better even than that would be a deadhead, for he, at any rate, could take his wife to the theatre. In fact, had I a daughter of my own, Professor WALTER CRANIUM added with much emphasis, I should think seriously of marrying her to the Master of the London Claque.

THE OCTOBRIST.

The swallow-swarms are taking wing;
The bees no longer buzz so;
The rain comes down like anything—
It generally does so.
No more the butler keeps at bay
A steady stream of worses;
And everything looks dull and grey
Except the ampelopsis.

The search for blackberries begins
To be absurdly bootless:
We tear our clothes and score our
skins.

But still our toil is fruitless.
The chestnuts litter all the lawn;
The mists at eve grow thicker;
And every night defers the dawn
And comes again the quicker.

Now he who lately left the House—
Of course I mean the Member—
Who missed the globe or missed the
grouse

Through August and September,
Sighs as he doffs his tweeds and sinks
The sportsman and his hobby;
Forsakes the moor or leaves the links,
And thinks about the Lobby.

A reading fit begins to stir
In palace and in hovel,
And every little publisher
Is ready with his novel.
He puffs each mortal thing he prints—
Was ever such a fond man?—
And Mr. CAINE is making mints
Of money with *The Bondman*.

In short I really seem to fear
I must be up and doing;
My active mind ferments like beer
That's newly set a-brewing.
This sort of beery sympathy
That makes my mind less sober
Convinces me the month can be
No other than October. R. C. L.



THE LIFE OF PLEASURE.

(4 A.M.)

Algy (coming in from dance). "ALWAYS PITY THOSE DULL DOGS WHO ARE ASLEEP AT THIS TIME OF THE MORNIN'!"

Archie (going out cubbing). "YA-AS. J-JOLLIEST HOUR OF THE TWENTY-FOUR, I ALWAYS THINK."

A Protectionist on the Horrors of Protection.

The Daily Mail, which is presumably still true to its Protection principles, should be more careful not to give the show away, as it recently did in the following passage, taken from a leader on the "Labour War":—"Workers should remember that, under the Free Trade policy, the masters have to compete with all the world, and with countries where wages are much lower and the conditions of labour much worse than in England."

Adding Fire to Fuel.

The Yorkshire Telegraph and Star, in reporting a fire on the Veloce Line steamer *Nord Amerika*, states that Captain BARBIERI "ordered revolvers to be issued to the crew, and the whole ship's company turned and fought the fire." We very cordially recommend this homœopathic remedy.

THE horse with which His Majesty the KING won the Newmarket St. Leger Stakes was described in *The Daily Graphic* as "Mr. H. M. KING'S Cheverel." The Turf is a wonderful leveller.

THE HOLIDAY KIDS.

(Invited by Helen and Cecil.)

II.

[CECIL says we ought to put a thing on the top of this chapter like Nurse has on the top of her Boudoir Story. It comes every Saturday, and she keeps it under the stockings in the mending basket. We call it that, because when CECIL and me fished it out one day we counted Boudoir nineteen times in one chapter. CECIL read one right through, and he says that everything happens either in a Boudoir or under Ancestral Trees.

Anyhow last week our chapter was about this. Lady MONTFORT had got Mother to get up a Bazaar for the Children's Country Holiday Fund, and CECIL and me persuaded her to let us have two boy-kids of our own to go on with, and one of them (BRASSY) was mad because we hadn't asked his POLLY as well, so of course we had to dash off to Mother to explain. This is in case you didn't remember.]

"MUST you come in, children?" asked Mother, as we all plunged in upon her.

"We must, mother!" I said. "It's about POLLY. BRASSY wants her so awfully."

Then it was that Lady MONTFORT sprang out from behind a mountain of bazaar things. She's a scanty person, and very pincushiony. I die to prod her with pins when she hugs me. CECIL wants to dust her.

"Oh, you dears!" she cried. "So you have brought in the beautiful raw material."

"I beg your pardon, Lady MONTFORT," said CECIL; "we just wanted mother."

But she only swung across the room, pushed CECIL and me out of the way, and grabbed at CLINKER and BRASSY.

"Boys—do let me hear from your own lips your true impressions of this delightful holiday! Is this the very first time you have been out of Manchester?"

CECIL and me were terrified when we saw BRASSY's eyes sparkling.

"Yes, lady, and you bet it will be the last!" he said.

"Oh no, you poor modest child! Of course you will come another year! See—this room is full of lovely things made by kind gentlemen and ladies to get money for you and your little friends!"

Then she turned to Mother, and said: "If one could only read the thrilling experiences which lie buried in their eyes!" But we all heard, and CECIL writhed.

Mother was just coming to the rescue, when BRASSY burst out:

"When folk has bought all this lot, what good will it do them?"

"What does that matter to us so long as we get the money?" said Lady MONTFORT.

"Then why can't they pass forward the brass straight off, without having to cart this lot home with them?"

CECIL and me inwardly chortled. Poor

Dad had been saying for weeks to Mother:

"Blank cheques are what you want out of these people, KATHERINE, with free leave for us to keep our own hearthstone to ourselves."

But Lady MONTFORT was delighted.

"Oh, dear Mrs. LISTER! They are the real thing! How clever of the little fellow to say that! Such wisdom from a Manchester slum. Perhaps they are Socialists in embryo. I have so yearned to see a real one. Of course one has seen the Countess of——"

"This ain't nothing to do with POLLY!" said BRASSY, sullenly. "And who are you staring at? I ain't a blooming monkey on a pianna organ!"

"Isn't he quaint?" said Lady MONTFORT. But CECIL suddenly backed us all out, and we made a dash for Dad, who, we knew, was splashing about in the barn at some bazaar scenery.

"Look here," panted BRASSY, "I ain't going to see no more ladies at no price! My constitution won't stand it! Me and CLINKER'll be getting softening of the brain, and we can't afford the luxury!"

"You should see the ladies as we know!" said CLINKER. "They'd give yours points, and talk 'em down easy!"

But we were at the barn, and there was Dad in his shirt-sleeves, with a great whitewash brush in his hand, and pails of his colour washes about. He was slap-dashing at a fearful rate—blue sky—clouds—a tower—trees.

"He does it while you wait, he does!" said CLINKER. We could see they were tremendously impressed.

Then Dad turned, stepped back, and laughed.

"Hullo! The Goths and Vandals honour me! Admire my scene for the Sleeping Beauty?"

"Oh," cried BRASSY, "POLLY can act that!"

"Why, who's POLLY?" Dad stopped to light his pipe.

"That's why we've come!" I cried. "BRASSY wants POLLY. She's his best friend, and she's a girl, and poorly, and——"

"She's not too poorly to do the Sleeping Beauty for you, sir! My—ain't she got eyes, when she opens them at the Prince! And when her hair's fresh washed, it's as gold as gas! And she's got white shoes and stockings of her own, and she'd do it for you for nothing!"

"He's quite sick for her, you know, Dad," said CECIL.

"And she'd sing, if you want, sir—for nothing. She's worth a shilling a song any night. And if you've a job about the place, sir, I'd as soon do it as loaf around; and here's the five shillings for her fare!"

BRASSY stuck his prize-money right into

Dad's hand, and Dad just shook it about in his palm as if it burnt him.

"Been to Mother, children?" he asked CECIL and me.

CECIL went close up, and whispered: "No good. Lady MONTFORT, you know." And Dad nodded.

"Stick to your money, my boy!" he said presently. "Perhaps we can induce the railway company to bring your best friend without that."

"She'd have danced too, sir, if she'd not had bad luck."

"POLLY is evidently a capable young person," said Dad, and pulled down another great sheet.

"Sir," said CLINKER (he had grown frightfully respectful), "could you do a public-house?"

Dad looked at him a minute, and then said: "Right you are!"

And while we watched he did a street, and the loveliest public-house—all glaring, and a real cab.

"Don't it look homeish!" said CLINKER.

"He does it better nor the best pavement artist I've ever clapped eyes on!" said BRASSY.

And then Dad explained that this was to be a street scene at the bazaar.

"With POLLY fetching beer!" said BRASSY. "And me and CLINKER could do you a fight, Sir—real sporting, if you'd like it!"

"But we must do something," I said. "It's not fair."

"Oh, you could be the toffs walking by," said CLINKER, "and saying, 'Ow hawful!'"

* * * * *

Dad and Mother were angels, and POLLY came, and CECIL and me watched the kids meet.

"Well, old gal, and how's Manchester?" said CLINKER.

"Hook on sharp!" said BRASSY. "Our carriage is waiting outside."

* * * * *

We got heaps of money at the Bazaar, and Mother ran neck and neck with Lady MONTFORT for the record. But she won at the very last minute by selling the original of the bazaar programme to herself for a guinea.

We think the kids enjoyed the holiday, but when we wanted them to stop on BRASSY said he would like to have obliged, but he couldn't afford to get behind the times; and CLINKER said to CECIL:

"My respectful thanks to all concerned, but dead off the country as soon as my summer outing is over. I don't want to turn into no Sleeping Beauty. I ain't got the complexion nor the nose for it; and besides, what would Manchester do? So long, youngster, and good luck!"

But Mother won't let POLLY go yet, so Dad has drawn a picture of her and given it to BRASSY.

HELEN.



EXCLUSIVE.

Fair Driver. "WILL YOU STAND BY THE PONY FOR A FEW MINUTES, MY GOOD MAN?"

The Good Man. "PONY, MUM? NO. I'M A MOTOR-MINDER, I AM. 'ERE, BILL! 'ORSE."

THE NEW FINANCE.

Money Columns made Easy.

(The latest financial column is that written in light dialogue form.)

From the "Financial Trifler":—

I. Text—"Another boom occurred yesterday in South-Western Pacific."

Lady Hermione Langcise (taking cheque). Oh, you dear man! GEORGE, you're a trump! I did want the oof, and but for that rise in Pacific Preference—

Stockbroker. They were Ordinaries.

Lady Hermione. Yes, and I've seen the sweetest thing in hats at CERISE'S I want to buy. There! That's right, isn't it?

[Handing receipt.]

Broker. Well, you've—er—signed your name as £95 and your address as Oct. 6th—but otherwise—

[A clerk giggles respectfully.]

Lady H. What a devil place the Stock Exchange is! Those dear directors—to give us all that money!

Broker. I fancy they made some them-

selves; the auditors really compelled them to—

Lady H. Oh, there's EVIE; I must be off!

II. Text—"Anglo-Patagonian Wild Cats experienced a sharp set-back."

Augustus FitzPoodle (bursting into office). I say, surely I'm not five hundred out on that Anglo-Patagonian thing, am I? It's too deuced awkward! I can't find it, I tell you!

Broker (consulting note). £514 3s. 5d. Your differences—

FitzPoodle. I say, couldn't we threaten them or something? What's the good of your knowin' the ropes and all that if you can't—

Broker. You could carry the shares over; they'd charge 10%.

FitzPoodle. I say, can't you do anything? It's a bit rough, don't you know. I've ordered lots of things—polo ponies, and things—and—

Broker. The ore only worked out at a tenth of a grain a ton.

FitzPoodle (leaving office). I must really try to raise it somewhere, and pay off the poisonous thingamagig. Blithering idiots! (*Exit. Looks in again.*) I say, try and think of something, won't you?

AMONG the correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the subject of "The Motor Problem," there is a letter from a physician, who exposes very cynically a scheme for improving his practice.

"I am," he says, "a country doctor, and during the last five years have had not a single case of accident to pedestrians caused by motor-car... As soon as I can afford it I intend to buy a motor."

A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

It seems that the burnt child is not always expected to fear the fire. An advertiser in *The Daily Chronicle* desires the following:—

"WOMAN (young) for grill and frying; similar experience necessary."



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."

Sassenach Shooting Tenant. "MORNING, DOUGAL. I THINK I HEARD THE WILD GEESSE CACKLING THIS MORNING. FLIGHTING SOUTH, I SUPPOSE?"

Dougal. "AY, JUST THAT. WHEN 'LL YE BE THINKIN' OF GOIN' YERSEL, SIR?"

CRANKFORD.

THE inhabitants of Crankford are as a rule retired and leisured people. Indeed, a large amount of spare time is necessary in this village, as each member of the community takes a very active interest in his fellows, and spends hours daily in endeavouring to make them share the benefits of his own special system. For the distinguishing feature of Crankford is that everybody has a system of some kind to which he devotes the energy of his life, and that is what makes the whole village so industrious and so cheerful.

Upon my first entrance into Crankford my attention was attracted by enormous

placards posted at frequent intervals upon the walls. These were invariably of two kinds—one printed in large blue letters, the other in red. The blue sheets read as follows:—

Join the Society for the Total Abolition of Nourishment in Any Form Whatsoever.

Rely for Sustenance upon Pure Air alone, and thus demonstrate your Distance from the Brute.

The message of the red sheets was equally insistent:—

Join the League of the Continuous Re-builders of the Human Frame, and thus keep yourself in Stable Equilibrium.

From these placards I gathered my first information of the two rival societies at Crankford, but I was soon to know more. For I had not been long in the village before the President of the first Society, a little grey-eyed lady, emaciated but enthusiastic, waited upon me full of eloquent wisdom. She showed me clearly how Man in his slow climb from the Brute is gradually losing the characteristic mark of the Beast—the desire to eat. Already he has ceased to eat his fellows, soon he will lose the wish to eat at all. "Soon," she emphasised, for even here progress must be slow, and members of the Society are recommended to accustom themselves gradually to the treatment. Accordingly, as the Society is still in its infancy, no member has as yet reached the final stage. The increasing prevalence of indigestion among human beings, far from being an evil, is to be interpreted as a sign of progress; such pangs are the growing-pains of Man's development, whereby he is learning slowly and painfully, often reluctantly, that he can neither be happy nor well if he eats. Hunger, which at present men deem inconvenient, and if prolonged even dangerous, is a habit unnecessarily retained from the earlier stages of man's history—a habit, moreover, which soon will die when our infants are no longer stout and solid, from being fed on Somebody's Food, but ethereal and lustrous-eyed, from being fed on—*Absolutely Nothing!*

"Do you eat fruit," I asked—"an apple, for instance?" and I pointed to a fine pippin on a bough above my head.

"Certainly not," she replied with indignant emphasis, "any more than I would eat a butterfly!"

"And yet," I murmured softly, "*Nos numerus sumus, et fruges consumere nati.*"

"The words of a pagan poet," she said gently. "We have climbed the ladder of evolution for nineteen centuries since HORACE drank his wine and ate his fruit. Ah," she went on dreamily, "I could re-write the Greek Myth of the Apple. The apple should be a gift of beauty offered to the Ideal Loveliness. It is only when Man opens his impious jaws and swallows it that it becomes indeed an Apple of Discord."

"If we abolish food," I remarked, "we should have considerably less work to do, and considerably more time in which to do it. How would man use his increased leisure?"

"He would talk," was the reply, "and that is what his mouth was made for. The eater cannot talk. After-dinner speeches are a sufficient proof of the absurdity of expecting the mouth to perform a double function. If a man drank with his ears, would he expect to hear well? Let the beasts



WHAT NEXT ?

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS. "I MUST SAY THAT I VIEW WITH APPREHENSION THIS MOVEMENT OF POPULAR LANDMARKS TOWARDS THE SCRAP-HEAP."

who have no language, use their mouths for eating, but let not Man degrade his organ of speech!"

As she uttered the last words in a low impassioned voice she left me and passed down to my garden gate. Scarcely had she disappeared when there arrived a stout choleric-looking individual, puffing in his haste. He introduced himself as the Secretary of the League of the Continuous Rebuilders of the Human Frame.

"I come, sir," he panted impetuously, "to counteract with my arguments the pernicious nonsense to which you have been listening. Evolution indeed! I should like to know what has kept pace with the evolution of man more consistently than the evolution of the kitchen. It was at the epoch of Rome's greatest glory, at the height of her civilisation, that she paid the greatest attention to her table. But enough of that. What we Rebuilders say is—The waste of tissue due to the output of physical and mental energy is continuous, continuous also should be the process of rebuilding. We have heard often enough lately, sir, that unless the imports and exports of a country maintain an even balance that country is on its last legs. Apply that to the Human Frame. Unless the exported energy is perpetually and exactly counter-balanced by the imported nourishment the whole man, sir, is in a state of unstable equilibrium—a most unwholesome and uncomfortable condition. Look at that flower, sir. It has no dinner-hour, no fixed supper-time. It does not absorb its nourishment by fits and starts, and in consequence, sir, that flower is more beautiful than you or I." This I did not attempt to deny, for he was a plain-featured man, and he went on: "The bird eats a worm whenever he sees one, and that bird, sir, is more cheerful than you or I. We Continuous Rebuilders endeavour to grow beautiful and cheerful by following the example of the flower and the bird. Accordingly each member of our League carries a small watch, which strikes loudly at intervals of ten minutes, whereupon he takes some slight form of nourishment which he conveys about with him on a small hand-barrow."

"To be logical," I objected, "you should have no intervals, you should feed perpetually."

His face fell. "You have hit it, sir. But that is the difficulty of working out ideals in practical life. We did try a Perpetual Feeding Tube, carried in the mouth like a cigar, but it didn't work. It interfered with public speaking and so it prevented us from propagating our own doctrines. So we do the best we can. But my watch is striking." He hurried me to the gate, where stood his handbarrow laden with small dishes



Straphanger (in first-class compartment, to first-class passenger). "I SAY, GUV'NOR, 'ANG ON TO THIS 'ERE STRAP A MINUTE, WILL YER, WHILE I GET A LIGHT?"

carefully arranged. "There," he cried proudly—"meats, cereals, and other flesh-formers in the front, anti-fats behind, then the brain-producers, and finally nuts and fruits at the back. I have not a weak or unnourished spot within me, sir"—and he thumped his chest vigorously—"for, like a rational man, I build up my system systematically."

Here, with a rapidity born of constant practice, he swallowed the leg of a partridge and a large tomato.

I left him and went indoors. I was equally convinced by the arguments of each society, and so, like the legendary ass between two bundles of hay, I made progress towards neither. Accordingly I sat down and waited calmly for my usual meal.

Drastic Measures.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE is reported to have said: "Suppress your newspapers, and enlarge your lunatic asylums." We confess to a good deal of sympathy with Sir JAMES, but trust this step will not be resorted to until all efforts at Press Reform have had their futility demonstrated.

MR. HUGHES, Secretary of the Canine Protection League, seems, according to *The Daily Graphic*, to have been talking to a representative of that organ about the "practice of allowing dogs to follow their owners on cycles and motor vehicles. 'I admit that it sounds incredible,' said Mr. HUGHES." And never was a truer word spoken.

ROUGH LUCK.

CALM was the scene, and luring to repose.

The scent of balms and hair-restoring spices
Were blandly recommended to the nose;

I heard the barber's garrulous advices
As from afar; and the soft-clashing shears,
Like chirping crickets, lulled my drowsy ears.

And, in a reverie, I passed again

To those far days when, at my grand-sire's place in
The golden Duchy, my redundant mane

Was hogged by JAY the coachman with a basin;
(And *why* a basin, why of all that's wild
A basin, has perplexed me from a child.)

'Twas there that they constrained my stubborn curls

With a dishonouring comb! When I objected,
They said it was a boy's comb, not a girl's!

They looked too plausible to be suspected;
But still the memories of my Cornish home
Are soured with thoughts of that infernal comb.

Mine was in truth a wild and rugged mat,

And uncontrollable beyond all others;
My grown-up sisters mocked it; worse than that,
Vilely compared it to my younger brother's,
A little beast, whose head was always sleek,
And wanted soundly punching once a week.

Ah, how I suffered! I can feel it still!

Young JAMES got all the praise—and I the merriment;
His was the head that called for every skill;

Mine was a field for humour and experiment!
I still remember how my smouldering flames
Burst forth—and how I took it out of JAMES.

'Twas thus. They had me cropped—a prison crop!

They jeered. Then rose I up against their jeering.
Sternly next morning to the barber's shop
I haled the imp. I bore him from the shearing
Shaven, I tell you, shaven like a sheep!
I got a licking, too—and got it cheap.

* * * * *

Thus, with a sense of well-requited injury,

I passed through older days to times more recent;
To-day my head of hair is rich (tho' gingery);
JAMES is so bald as hardly to be decent.

My locks are much admired at balls and crushes,
But JAMES—when JAMES removes his hat—he blushes!

DUM-DUM.

THE NOVEL NUISANCE.

[The scheme of legislation subjoined is suggested as a means of regulating the enormous output of modern fiction, a problem wellnigh as serious as those arising out of the growth of automobilism.]

1. No author or authoress shall be permitted to drive a quill, steel, or fountain pen of more than 5-paragraph power until she or he be duly licensed and certificated as competent to do so without danger to the public.

2. Every authoress and author shall be subjected to an adjective tax.

3. All novels shall be registered (for purposes of identification) with clearly-marked letters and numbers, indicating the school or district to which they belong; and no writer shall, to prevent classification, wilfully obscure his local colouring or moral purpose. Thus, whilst KY 3496 might represent the latest creation of the Kailyard romancists, attacks upon Mayfair and the moneyed classes could be labelled M.C. 666.

4. No writer shall compose novels at a faster rate than 350 h.-pp. per publishing year.

5. No speed competitions shall be allowed between novelists, except in such areas as may be licensed and set apart for the purpose, *e.g.*, the Dartmoor country, the Avon (Warks.) district, and the Sahara.

6. Special licenses shall be taken out for italics, autobiographical prefaces, and replies to reviewers.

7. Writers of novels shall be responsible for all sudden shocks, nervous break-downs, heart-failures, and (in the case of feuilletons) deaths from suspense occasioned to their readers, and may be prosecuted therefor.

8. Novels shall be bound and coloured according to their contents. Thus, sensational fiction must be issued in red boards, idylls of rural tranquillity in green or tree-calf, whilst brown covers are reserved for essays of the ruminating type, despatched from study-windows and the like.

9. The close season for novels shall extend from July 1 to September 30 in each year, and no work of fiction shall be published during this period, under a penalty (for every offence) of six months hibernation under hatches on an L.C.C. steamer.

A VALEDICTION.

[The Great Wheel at the Earl's Court Exhibition ceased running on October 6 for good, and its demolition is being taken in hand this week.]

"*Eppur si muove*—move it does at last,
The Great Wheel turns, though truly not too fast."

Thus, after two or three false starts, was hailed
Our Toy, till then by Cockney wit assailed,
When in the June of Eighteen-ninety-five,
The huge machine began to look alive.

Skittish it was at first, nor need we tell
The manifold adventures that befell

Staid City fathers and suburban swains,
Who lost their several latest homeward trains,

When captive in their airy cage of steel
They passed the night upon the unbudging wheel.

But soon it settled to its steady round,
Fair day or foul, and stoutly held its ground,

While Wembley's tower refused to sprout aright,
And FERRIS felled *his* wheel with dynamite.

Ours plodded on, and tried to make a splash
Baiting its cars with lure of hidden cash,

With fivers for benighted fares to earn,
When London's Tombola refused to turn.

We loved the queer contraption for its size,
E'en though it nightly scarified our eyes

With flaming signs some Patent Milk to boom
Or Priceless Candle, to dispel the gloom.

It was our landmark and our meeting-place,
Our freak of clumsiness, our type of grace,

Our butt and pride and by-word, and our bore,
Fated, we thought, to whirl for evermore.

Not so, for by the dawn of Sunday's sun
Its years of not too crowded life were done.

The cold-iron-chisel gang will forthwith swarm
With dour disrivetters o'er its hapless form—

The breaking-up a toughish job they'll find,
Picking its carcass in the Autumn wind!

Its cars will go for seaside bungalows
Or chicken-houses in abandoned rows.

Farewell, fair Wheel! soon will your spokes be snapped,
And your ten hundred tons of iron scrapped.

Pray Heaven! from out your rubbish heap next year
You may not, like a quick-change Phoenix, re-appear.

ZIG-ZAG.

ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—No. 7.

Further designs for statues of more or less private individuals who might otherwise have escaped national recognition.



THE DOGS OF WAR.

(By the Author of "A Dog Day.")

XI. SMITH.

MENTION of my people reminds me of Smith.

Smith was a blot on my reputation, just as Shah was on the Captain's.

The Captain and I—though it never leaked out—each had a cat friend.

I believe that such secret breaches of dog etiquette are not altogether uncommon, though seldom confessed. Indeed there are not wanting those—and



I fancy that to Smith I was the Captain.

among them the Captain—who hold that it shows a certain generosity of temperament, a fine freedom from prejudice, to admit one cat, as an exception, to all the privileges of our friendship. Still such views were never aired in public, for they would only have been misunderstood by the lesser minds.

The Captain suffered a handsome but proud Persian to be his friend and contemporary in his home. I shall never forget how thunderstruck I was when by accident I first made the discovery. I found the creature hiding under a chair in the Captain's dining-room, and was proceeding to rush her out when the Captain, livid with rage, cried, "How dare you?" I had never seen him so angry, and I said, "I beg your pardon, but I thought it was a cat."

"So it is," he answered, "and don't you dare to touch her."

"Hoity-toity!" said I, losing my temper in turn. "Likewise, what-ho!" and I made for the door. The Captain barred my way, and his tone altered slightly.

"Naturally what you have seen is confidential," he said. I agreed, for my tantrums were always soon over. "And if you dare to tell a soul," he added, "I'll hound you out of the town." He need not have threatened me. Still, he was the Captain, and in a minute I was asking his pardon for having forgotten myself. My word, but I was surprised!

Soon afterwards Smith, who was just an ordinary tabby—grey fur lined inside with pink—stepped into my life.

She came to us as a tiny kitten, and to please my mistress I befriended her.

The awful name Smith she received from my master. My mistress begged that it might, at any rate, be Smythe, but my master was a bit of a tyrant. He insisted on naming all the cats who came to his house Smith, and the previous ones had left on that account. There was nothing funny about it; it was merely silly and tyrannical.

As a kitten Smith was somewhat trying. She would insist on my playing with her whether I was in the mood or not. She grew up, however, into a lady-like, genteel young person, and something of an athlete. She was not so aristocratic in appearance as Shah, but nevertheless I was not ashamed of her.

It was a great thing to have had the training of her from infancy, and I sometimes wondered whether the objectionable qualities in other cats might not, after all, be due to a large extent to their up-bringing. It was wonderful how fond I became of the little beggar, and she, I felt, both loved and respected me. I fancy, in fact, that to Smith I was the Captain—and I rather liked the feeling. I would often surprise her gazing admiringly at me. I was to her, it was evident, the embodiment of beauty and physical strength. And I took pains not to disillusionise her in regard to the latter point. At the cost of some inconvenience when she pricked me I often pretended that I did not feel it. And I told her that if I liked I could brain her with one blow from my paw. And I would tell her tales of combats with other dogs which would make her hair stand on end, so that the nervous little thing would beg me to take more care of myself. Sometimes I could not resist the temptation, and I would stick it on a bit, and tell her, for instance, how I had had a fight with a couple of horses and had easily overcome them, or that I had chased half-a-dozen policemen for over two miles. Smith was curiously simple-minded, and it was the easiest thing in the world to impose on her. I told her that dogs really had claws, only they were too good-natured to use them. One day, again, she confessed to me that she had an immense admiration for flies; she thought it so clever of them to walk upon the ceiling. At this I informed her that it was really quite easy, and that when I was younger I would think nothing of running round the ceiling two or three times before breakfast. And she believed it, Lord forgive me! It was wonderful the opinion Smith had of me.

Now and then Smith would try a little mild bragging. For example, one morning she informed me that she too was a Quadruped, and I almost died of laughing. It seems that another cat had told her so. Trust cats, when they get together, to talk either nonsense or

scandal. Which reminds me that the vile Tabby Ochre once declared to Smith that the Captain was one of the most cowardly dogs she had ever met. Smith had the decency and the pluck to tell her she was a liar. That, anyhow, was the explanation Smith gave of a nasty scar on her nose. By-the-by, some of Smith's mouse tales took a lot of believing.

A point about Smith for which I could not help having a hearty admiration was her agility. Smith used to say that "everything that a cat can get belongs to her," and, if she were hungry, she would with the greatest ease jump on to a shelf and help herself—while, if I were to have attempted such a feat, I know the dish would have come down with a clatter.

Naturally enough Smith and I influenced each other's habits and customs to some extent. I taught Smith how to lie down in a dignified manner, with her paws straight out in front, and she taught me how to curl up comfortably. It used to amuse me to see how Smith aped me in a hundred-and-one ways. She even took to scratching herself. And she would eat plain bread like I did, because she thought it manly. And I taught her to wag her tail when she was pleased, like a civilised person, instead of when she was angry. This was great fun, as humans would be doing what she liked, and then they would suddenly stop, as they thought she disliked it.

By the way, the Captain once told me that the disagreement between dogs and cats owed its origin to tail-wagging. At the beginning of things, when animals had just been invented, the dogs declared that it was the correct thing to



"Would you ruin me?" I hissed.

wag your tail when you were pleased, while the cats took the opposite view, and they have been fighting about it ever since.

The one thing that I feared in regard to Smith was that she would try to accompany me out-of-doors. I did all I could to frighten her off the idea by drawing a highly-coloured picture of

the dangers of the streets. I ran motor-cars for all they were worth. I told her how the machinery of the cars, to their owners' great annoyance, was constantly getting clogged up with cats. I also told her how the motorists wore coats lined with cat-skins, and how many cats, especially tabbies, were kidnapped for the sake of their valuable clothes, stripped, and left naked by the roadside. In spite of this, one fine morning, judge of my alarm, on looking round, to find Smith following me! My rage knew no bounds. "Would you ruin me?" I hissed. Smith, I fancy, had never seen me so angry before. She crouched down, as though fearing I would hit her, and then slunk back, a picture of misery. It was, of course, a flagrant act of disobedience, and I am glad to say it was never repeated. It was the last time I had occasion to make any complaint to her. Taking her all in all, she was a very good little thing; and, my word, how the little baggage adored me!

The Captain's attitude to Smith was somewhat peculiar. The first time they met, Smith ran up to the Captain; and anyone who did not know the Captain would have said he was afraid, for he moved off very quickly. After that, Smith would frequently attempt to play with the Captain as she often did with me—she would try all her arts of coquetry, for she was a bit of a flirt, was Smith—but the Captain would always ignore her. Officially, it was evident the Captain had resolved to deny her existence. Smith sometimes complained of this to me, but, as I told her, it was not for the likes of her to expect one of the Captain's rank and position to take notice of a little ordinary tabby cat named Smith.

The Buxton Advertiser, describing a haystack fire, states that "the cause of the outbreak was supposed to be combustion." A bold guess!

In case Miss CAMILLE CLIFFORD and Miss PHYLIS DARE are in want of a duet at the Vaudeville we beg to suggest—"Now that we two are Maying!"

LITERARY NOTES.

WE understand that the authoress of that biting story *The Viper of Milan* has a series of ophidian romances on hand, some of the titles of which we have been privileged to divulge. They are *The Cobra of Constantinople*, *The Blindworm of Buenos Ayres*, *The Adder of Aden*, *The Rattlesnake of Rye* (dedicated to Mr. HENRY JAMES), *The Boa Constrictor of Balham*, *The Python of Peckham Rye* and *The Slow-worm of Assisi*.

The title of MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN'S new novel *The Dumpling* is bound to exert a potent influence on fictional nomenclature. Already we hear of *The*

AN AFTERMATH OF OPERA.

THE autumn season opened at Covent Garden last Friday with *Rigoletto*, of all depressing themes. I must think it was chosen for its popular tunes, for there was a half-provincial air about the house. The prices were too low to attract the noblest tastes. The absence of familiar diamonds made one shy of believing that the music could really be first-rate. Mme. MELBA, however, did what she could to correct this impression, not only by her glorious singing, but also by her own bejewelled fingers, which lent a distinctive lustre to her part as the simple child of a chartered buffoon.

Most of the Pit Tier boxes had their partitions knocked down, which gave to this part of the auditorium an atmosphere of impropriety, as if it were a gigantic mixed bathing-machine. The gallery-gods seemed to think they were in a superior music-hall, for they wanted to have *Caro nome* encored. Mme. MELBA obliged them so far as to leave her bedroom on the first floor, come down by way of the terrace and make her bow from the garden. Then she retired on the ground floor; with the consequence that when the revellers came to carry *Gilda* off they had to be content with a dummy. She was in great and bird-like voice.



Voices in the distance. "NUMBER ONE AND ALL'S WELL!" "NUMBER TWO AND ALL'S WELL!" "NUMBER THREE AND ALL'S WELL!" "NUMBER FOUR AND ALL'S NOT A BIT WELL!"

Roly-Poly, *The Turnover*, *The Rock Cake*, *The Shape* and *The Mould*.

Talking the other day with a West-End bookseller, I gathered that the best selling books were Mr. HICHENS'S *The Fall in the Mud*, and Mr. MAXWELL'S *The Larded Game*.

My interlocutor surprised and fascinated me by adding the curious item of information that no new novels are ever issued in buckram. A *propos* of bindings, my friend told me that his forty years' experience of London book-buyers convinced him that if Mr. BENT'S new *Every Woman's Library* were to come out at a penny a volume, bound in Russia leather, it could not fail to command a considerable sale.

Signor SAMMARCO, as *Rigoletto*, sang and acted nobly. I cannot say as much for the *Duca* of Signor KRISMER. When he sang *pianissimo* he was pleasant enough; but the moment he let his voice go it seemed to come through an inferior gramophone, so metallic was its tone. He was not a bit like his property portrait on the wall (these *Rigoletto* Dukes never are). His legs were much fatter, and he had no beard.

Signor WALTER, as the cut-throat *Sparafucile*, was a right Italian stage villain, and the *Monterone* of Signor THOS was visibly an injured man.

Vocally the chorus was well trained; but they had learned their lessons mechanically, and acted rather like stuffed marionettes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

At the opening of her new book, *Prisoners* (HUTCHINSON), MARY CHOLMONDELEY gives one the impression of having her literary muscles rather stiff from disuse, or else rheumatics. Her style is laboured; it lacks freshness and ease. Here is a bad passage: "The duke approached, superb, decorated, dignified, with the polished pallor as if the skin were a little too tight, which is the Charybdis of many who have avoided the Scylla of wrinkles." That is really unworthy of her. But as soon as she reaches, quite early, one of those dramatic situations in which she so excels, she warms to her work. She writes best, indeed, when she has most to say, or when the mood of humour—her special gift—is upon her.

Miss CHOLMONDELEY is a close student of character. In dealing with her central figure, *Fay*, she allows no prejudice in favour of her own sex to temper the almost surgical sincerity with which she probes to the place where the poor creature's heart ought to be. Yet her analysis leaves us sceptical. "It is difficult," she somewhere says, "for those who have imagination to understand the insouciance, which looks so like heartlessness, of the unimaginative." That is a wise saying; but want of imagination, though it may lead to very painful results—such as the suicide of *Endymion's* father—cannot by itself explain the behaviour of *Fay* to *Michael*.

It is conceivable that a woman without courage or sense of honour might, in order to cover a situation which threatened to compromise her good name, allow her lover to assume the guilt of a crime in which neither he nor she was concerned. It is conceivable, though their relations were innocent in act, that she might leave him to his punishment rather than expose her secret to her husband. But it is barely conceivable, if she had the merest caricature of a heart, or indeed was human at all, that, after her husband's death, she should still let her lover go on wearing out his life in penal servitude for want of a word from her. Brutality of this order can hardly be explained by a mere defect of imagination. But, even so, one can understand how such a woman might be regenerated if she met a man with enough heart's blood in him to spare some of it for the furnishing of her empty veins. But the man whom our author provides for this purpose is a preposterous and unlovable prig, on whose pedantic egoism she is at the greatest pains to insist. It is indeed a tribute to Miss CHOLMONDELEY's charm that she can afford to impose such improbabilities upon us. So shining are her virtues as a teller of tales that we must needs overlook apparent errors of judgment which in a less brilliant writer would have been a damnable offence.

We have long known, on the authority of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, that good Americans, when they die, go to Paris. As *A Wanderer in London* (METHUEN), Mr. E. V. LUCAS, whilst admitting he does not know whither good

hansom drivers ultimately repair, positively announces that "bad ones are condemned to the box seat of four-wheelers." This by the way. The supplement to his charming narrative of *A Wanderer in Holland* is in keeping with its happy title. He just wanders about London, and out of full knowledge, keen sympathy with its light and shade, its colour and its teeming life, he chatters. Lamenting the tidal wave of utilitarianism that lately rolled over London City, extending westward to Charing Cross, he disclaims discovery of profusion of curious or picturesque corners. What the traveller must journey to London to behold and study is, he insists, her men and women, her millions of men and women. Despite this disclaimer he leaves unnoted few of the precious bits of antiquity still left to the strenuous beehive. When found he makes a note of them with loving hand. He is particularly strong on pictures, devoting discriminating chapters to the Tate Gallery, Kensington Museum, and the Wallace Collection, and two to the National Gallery. This section forms of itself an excellent handbook. One cannot be expected to acquiesce in all his judgments.

But in such matters it is not unpleasant to argue with a man of strong opinions, especially when he, having said his say, must perforce leave you the last word. There is a delightful chapter on music-halls, and, by way of balance, many pages about old churches. I can imagine no more delightful companion for a walk down Fleet Street or any other storied London thoroughfare than this cheery, cultured *Wanderer*.

The large picture-book entitled *The Education of an Artist* (A. & C. BLACK), the pages of which I have turned with so much pleasure, coming again and again on reproductions of famous works, should really have been called *The Exultation of a Tourist*. For, though no one can believe for a moment that *Claude Williamson Shaw*, its alleged hero, either existed or learned to paint, everyone will be certain

that Mr. C. LEWIS HIND, the author, had a very good time as he moved from one European gallery to another gathering impressions, while his portmanteau was acquiring its complement of hotel labels. His ingenuity in forcing the Old Masters to illustrate the story of a modern soul-hunter cannot be too much admired; but what living artists will say of it is another matter.

Two things about Mr. SIDNEY LEE's extended monograph on *Stratford-on-Avon* (SEELEY & Co.) perplex me intensely: there is no mention of Stratford-on-Avon's best-known resident in it, and the date on the title-page is 1907. I write these words in October, 1906, when this best of years has still nearly three good months to run, and it strikes me as an injustice to its sunshine and other merits to look ahead with this indecent impatience. Why should not Mr. LEE's interesting book belong to it as well as HUTCHINGS's boundaries and HIBT's record and the marriage of Princess ENA and President ROOSEVELT's manifesto? For the rest the book, although it overlooks Miss CORELLI, cannot be overlooked by any one visiting Stratford-on-Avon and wishing to know where he is.



Schoolmaster. "Now, Sloggs, you clearly understand the reason why I'm going to cane you, don't you?"

Sloggs (son of the middleweight champion). "Yes, Sir. It's because you're a heavy-weight and I'm only a bantam."